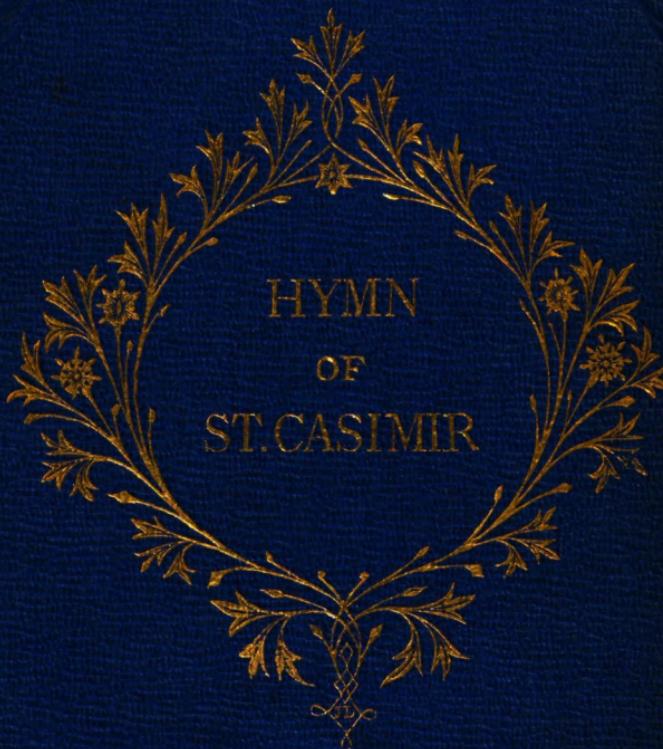

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HYMN
OF
ST. CASIMIR



11409. d 37.

THE
HYMN OF ST. CASIMIR.





Hymnus S. Casimiri

In Honorem Deiparae Virginis Mariae.

THE

HYMN OF ST. CASIMIR
IN HONOUR OF THE B. VIRGIN MARY

Translated in the Metre of the Original

BY



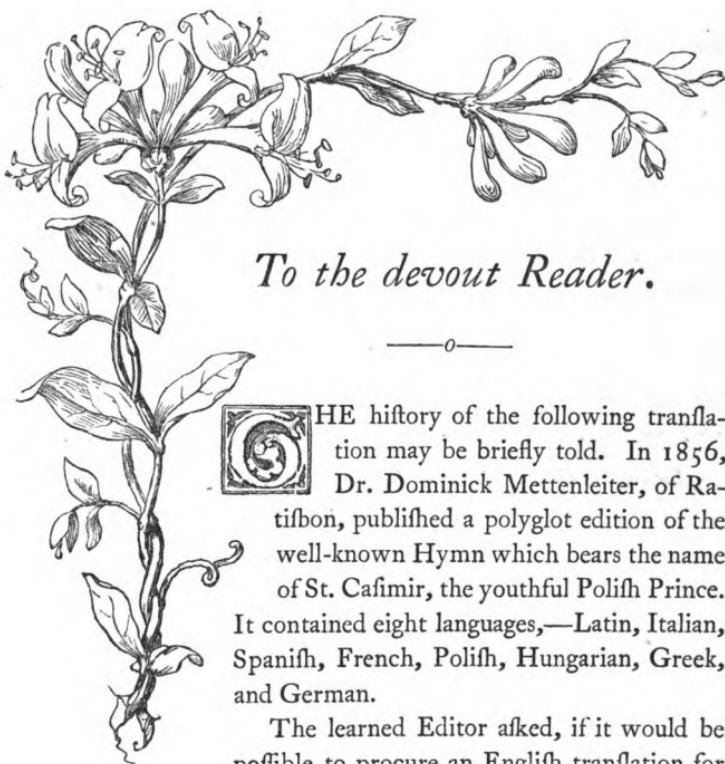
H. E. C. W.

LONDON:

BURNS AND LAMBERT, 17 PORTMAN STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE.

1859.





To the devout Reader.

—o—



HE history of the following translation may be briefly told. In 1856, Dr. Dominick Mettenleiter, of Ratisbon, published a polyglot edition of the well-known Hymn which bears the name of St. Casimir, the youthful Polish Prince. It contained eight languages,—Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, Polish, Hungarian, Greek, and German.

The learned Editor asked, if it would be possible to procure an English translation for a future edition? All the other versions were in the metre of the original; so that any additional ones had to follow the same rule. This made a new English translation necessary.

The second edition of the little polyglot is going to press in Germany, with this additional version, and a Portuguese one kindly promised to be procured by the Queen of Portugal. It

has, however, been thought well to publish this very imperfect version here, side by side with the original, for such as may wish to recite the Hymn in their own language.

In the text of the German edition there are variations from that usually printed in our Prayer-books. Of these many do not affect the meaning, and such occur in stanzas 8, 11, 13, 35, 47, 52, 53: others do, in stanzas 10, 26, 40, 41, 59. In every instance, the text of the polyglot has been printed and translated.

May this little work assist in promoting devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, especially during her month of May; and may it procure for its author a share, greater than he or it may be thought to deserve, in the prayers of those who use it.

London: Feast of St. Casimir, March 4, 1859..



HYMN OF ST. CASIMIR.

DECAS I.

1.



MNI die
Dic Mariae

Mea laudes anima;
Ejus festa,
Ejus gesta,
Cole devotissima.

2.

Contemplare
Et mirare
Ejus celitudinem;
Dic felicem
Genitricem,
Dic beatam Virginem.

DECADAE I.

1.

SING, sing, each day,
A tuneful lay,
My soul, to Mary's glory:
Her feasts employ
With pious joy,
To con her wondrous story.

2.

Admiring gaze,
Where Angels raise
To her their upturned glances:
Pronounce her blest,
Whose virgin breast
A mother's bliss entrances.

3.

Ipsam cole,
 Ut de mole
 Criminum te liberet ;
 Hanc appella,
 Ne procella
 Vitiorum superet.

Then serve her truly,
 That she may duly
 From sinful burden free thee :
 Invoke her loud,
 And blast and cloud
 Of vice's storm shall flee thee.

4.

Haec persona
 Nobis dona
 Contulit coelestia :
 Haec regina
 Nos divina
 Illustravit gratia.

This Lady bland,
 With lavish hand,
 Has dealt out Heaven's treasure :
 Queen, who the light
 Shed on us bright
 Of grace that knows no measure.

5.

Lingua mea,
 Dic trophyea
 Virginis puerperae !
 Quae inflictum
 Maledictum
 Miro transfert germine.

Give forth, my tongue,
 The triumph-song
 Of her the Virgin-Mother !
 Who could reverse
 One Adam's curse,
 By bearing us *Another*.

6.

Sine fine
 Dic reginae
 Mundi, laudum cantica;
 Ejus bona
 Semper sona,
 Semper illa praedica.

Unending lays
 Sound forth her praise,
 The Queen of all created:
 Till note on note
 Through Heaven float,
 Each with her goodness freighted.

7.

Omnes mei
 Sensus ei
 Personate gloriam!
 Frequentate
 Tam beatae
 Virginis memoriam.

My senses, all
 Your powers enthrall,
 To touch these chords of jubilee!
 By oft repeating
 Some ancient greeting,
 Again remembered happily.

8.

Nullus certe
 Tam disertae
 Exstat eloquentiae,
 Qui condignos
 Promat hymnos
 Ejus excellentiae.

No lips so sweet,
 No tongue so fleet,
 May earth boast of possessing,
 Which words can knit
 In verses fit,
 To bear so high our blessing.

9.

Omnes laudent,
Unde gaudent,
Matrem Dei, Virginem;
Nullus fingat
Quod attingat
Ejus celsitudinem.

9.

Let each, alone
Come with his own
Peculiar tribute laden;
But let none dream
He grasps his theme—
God's Mother, purest Maiden.

10.

Sed necesse,
Quod prodeſſe
Piis conſtat mentibus,
Ut intendam,
Quod impendam
Me ipſius laudibus.
Ave Maria.

10.

What grace imparts
To pious hearts,
Is law of love, compelling
My heart: and I
Must live and die
My praife and love in telling.

DECAS II.

11.
Quamvis ſciam
Quod Mariam
Nemo digne praedicit,
Tamen vanus
Et infanus
Eſt qui illam reticet.

DECade II.

11.
Although I know,
None here below
Can ſpeak of her becomingly;
Yet dull in mind,
In judgment blind,
Who stands by dumb, unlovingly.

I 2.

Cujus vita
Erudita
Disciplina coelica,
Argumenta
Et figmenta
Destruxit haeretica.

Her life, so fraught
With lessons taught
By heav'ly erudition,
The figments crude
Of error's brood
Hurls baffled to perdition.

I 3.

Hujus mores
Tanquam flores
Exornant Ecclesiam ;
Actiones
Et sermones
Miram praestant gratiam.

Her virtue's bloom
Its rich perfume
Throughout the Church diffuses;
Her word and deed
Are plants which bleed
Balsamic, healing juices.

I 4.

Evae crimen
Nobis limen
Paradisi clauferat.
Haec dum credit
Et obedit,
Coeli claustra referat.

If Eve's revolt
The golden bolt
Drew fast of Heaven's portal ;
She, better starred,
By faith unbarred
The gates of life immortal.

15.

Propter Evam
 Homo faevam
 Accepte sententiam;
 Per Mariam
 Habet viam,
 Quae dicit ad patriam.

15.

A sentent dire,
 From God's just ire,
 Bore man for Eve's transgression;
 Till Mary led
 The spendthrift's tread
 Back home from sin's oppression.

16.

Haec amanda
 Et laudanda
 Cunctis specialiter;
 Venerari,
 Praedicari
 Eam decet jugiter.

16.

Then loud to bless her,
 With love address her,
 Cease our poor hearts, O, never!
 But praise, admire,
 And glorify her,
 For ever and for ever!

17.

Ipsa donet,
 Ut, quod monet
 Natus ejus, faciam:
 Ut, finita
 Carnis vita,
 Laetus hunc aspiciam.

17.

Prevail her prayer,
 That I may bear
 Her Son's sweet yoke most faith-
 That when with life [fully;
 Ends carnal strife,
 I may behold Him blissfully.

18.

O cunctarum
Foeminarum
Decus atque gloria !
Quam electam
Et evectam
Scimus super omnia.

18.

O glory, pride,
Of maid or bride !
Of woman type most splendid !
Placed, chosen vase,
Where with thy rays
None save thy Son's are blended.

19.

Clemens audi,
Tuae laudi
Quos instantes conspicis.
Munda reos,
Et fac eos
Donis dignos coelicis.

19.

Indulgent hear,
Who to thine ear
Sing praise so true and earnest ;
For sinners purged,
Thy plea be urged,
Whereby Heaven's gifts thou ear-
[neſt.

20.

Virga Jesse,
Spes oppressae
Mentis et refugium,
Decus mundi,
Lux profundi,
Domini sacrarium.
Ave Maria.

20.

O blessed shoot
From Jesse's root,
Hope, refuge of minds weary !
The earth's delight,
The abyſs's light,
The Lord's own sanctuary.

DECAS III.

21.

Vitae forma,
Morum norma,
Plenitudo gratiae !
Dei templum,
Et exemplum
Totius justitiae !

22.

Virgo salve !
Per quam valvae
Coeli patent miseris ;
Quam non flexit
Nec allexit
Fraus serpentis veteris.

23.

Generosa
Et formosa
David regis filia!
Quam elegit
Rex qui regit
Et creavit omnia.

DECade III.

21.

Of life the rule ;
Of virtues, school ;
All overflowing graciousness !
God's Temple ample,
And bright example
Of never-failing righteousness !

22.

Hail, then, O Maiden !
Through whom true Eden
Its gates to man unfolded ;
The serpent's coil
Within its toil
Thy virgin foot ne'er folded.

23.

Child, noble, fair,
Beyond compare,
Of Sion's olden sovereigns !
By His choice blest,
Whose sole behest
Created all, and governs !

24.

Gemma decens,	Most precious gem !
Rosa recens,	Rose-budding stem !
Castitatis lily !	O lily of pure saintliness !
Castum chorum	Chaste virgin-trains
Ad polorum	To blissful reigns
Quae perducis gaudium.	Leads up thy queenly stateliness.

25.

Actionis	Oh, make my reach
Et sermonis	Of act and speech
Facultatem tribue;	But like their aim unbounded ;
Ut tuorum	Thy many claims
Meritorum	To glorious names
Laudes promam strenue.	Shall far and long be founded.

26.

Opto nimis,	But first, oh, hear
Ut inprimis	My earnest prayer,
Des mihi memoriam,	That memory so avail me,
Qua decenter	That I, thy servant,
Et ferventer	Though staid, yet fervent,
Tuam cantem gloriam.	Ne'er find thy praises fail me.

27.

Quamvis muta
 Et polluta
 Mea sciam labia;
 Praesumendum,
 Nec filendum
 Est de tua gloria.

These lips are mute,
 Which sins pollute,
 With shame my heart confesses;
 Yet dares to raise
 Its wreath of praise
 To crown thy golden tresses.

28.

Virgo gaude,
 Omni laude
 Digna et praeconio;
 Quae damnatis
 Libertatis
 Facta es occasio.

Virgin, rejoice,
 Whom every voice
 Should join in glorifying;
 Whose first sweet look
 The prison shook,
 Where hopeless man lay sighing.

29.

Semper munda
 Et foecunda,
 Virgo tu puerpera.
 Mater alma
 Velut palma
 Florens et fructifera.

The Virgin's flower,
 The Mother's dower,
 Thy gifts are to eternity;
 The palm-tree shedding
 Its fruits, yet budding,
 Is type of thy maternity.

30.

Ejus flore
Et odore
Recreari cupimus,
Cujus fructu
Nos a luctu
Liberari credimus.

Ave Maria.

30.

Its fragrant showers
Of scattered flowers
Sooth griefs that, light, depres us:
While faith believes,
Its fruit relieves
From woes that deep oppres us.

DECAS IV.

31.
Pulchra tota
Sine nota
Cujuscumque maculae,
Fac nos mundos
Et jucundos
Te laudare sedule.

DECADE IV.

31.
Fair, oh, yea, fairest !
For thou sole bearest
No blot or spot of sinfulness ;
Blithe as the child,
As undefiled,
Sing we thy praise in cheerfulness.

32.

O beata,
Per quam data
Nova mundo gaudia !
Et aperta
Fide certa
Regna sunt coelestia.

32.

Blest ! before whom
The world's deep gloom
Was turned to joyous lightnes ;
Thy faith the morn,
Which opes, scarce born,
The gates of Heaven's brightness.

33.

Per te mundus
 Laetabundus
 Novo fulget lumine,
 Antiquarum
 Tenebrarum
 Exutus caligine.

For when thy birth
 Gave joy, the earth
 With radiant vest adorning,
 It cast away
 The dark array
 Of ages spent in mourning.

34.

Nunc potentes
 Sunt egentes
 Sicut olim dixeras :
 Et egeni
 Fiunt pleni,
 Ut tu prophetaveras.

As thou hast told,
 The strong and bold
 Have sunk to want and weakness;
 As thou hast said,
 Now filled with bread
 Are they who pined in meekness.

35.

Per te morum
 Nunc pravorum
 Relinquuntur devia :
 Doctrinarum
 Perversarum
 Pulsa sunt praestigia.

The crooked path,
 From sin to wrath,
 Through thee is now deserted;
 The fatal harms
 Of error's charms
 By thee have been averted.

36.

Mundi luxus
 Atque fluxus
 Docuisti spernere :
 Deum quaeri,
 Carnem teri,
 Vitiis resistere,

36.

This world so fleeting,
 Our hearts though cheating,
 We scorn by thine example ;
 Try God to find,
 The body grind,
 On vice's brood to trample ;

37.

Mentis cursum
 Tendi fursum
 Pietatis studio,
 Corpus angi,
 Motus frangi,
 Pro coelesti praemio.

37.

Still upwards ever
 Each weak endeavour
 Of willing minds directing ;
 The flesh subduing,
 And, Heaven wooing,
 To law wild thoughts subjecting.

38.

Tu portasti
 Inter casti
 Ventris claustra Dominum
 Redemptorem ;
 Ad honorem
 Nos reformans pristinum.

38.

In thee the Word,
 Thy chaste womb's lord,
 Begins His saving mission ;
 And thou, for us,
 Retrievest thus
 Our forfeited condition.

39.

Mater facta
Sed intacta
Genuisti filium,
Regem regum
Atque rerum
Creatorem omnium.

39.

Thou art a Mother,
Yea as none other
Bore son, before or later ;
Thine, King of kings,
And of all things
Created, sole Creator !

40.

Benedicta,
Per quam victa
Hostis est versutia :
Destitutis
Spe salutis,
Datur indulgentia.
Ave Maria.

40.

O thou most blest !
Through whom repressed
Is every hostile malice ;
And, at hell's brink,
Who hopeless sink,
May quaff salvation's chalice.

DECAS V.

41.

Benedictus
Rex invictus,
Cujus Mater crederis.
Increatus,
Ex te natus,
Nostri salus generis.

DECade V.

That King fought rest
Upon thy breast
To whom earth cries ' Hosanna.'
The Uncreate
From thee took date,
Our race's healing manna !

42.

Reparatrix,
Consolatrix
Desperantis animae !
A pressura,
Quae ventura
Malis est, nos redime.

42.

The path who smoothest,
The pangs who soothest,
Of souls the most despairing !
Make woes that rush
The bad to crush,
Pain us, though sinners, sparing.

43.

Pro me pete,
Ut quiete
Sempiterna perfruar;
Ne tormentis
Comburentis
Stagni miser obruar.

43.

So pray for me,
That I may be
The heir of peace eternal ;
And never know
Of torture's woe
In pool of flames infernal.

44.

Quod requiro,
Quod suspiro,
Mea fana vulnera ;
Et da menti
Te poscenti
Gratiarum munera,

44.

For this I cry,
For this I sigh,
Be thou my soul's physician !
Thy gifts of grace,
Poured down apace,
Requite my soul's petition !

45.

Ut sim castus
 Et modestus,
 Dulcis, blandus, sobrius,
 Pius, rectus,
 Circumspectus,
 Simultatis nescius;

So make me bashful,
 Chaste, meek, and watchful,
 Sober, without asperity ;
 Upright and pious,
 Ne'er to the bias
 Yielding of insincerity.

46.

Eruditus
 Et munitus
 Divinis eloquiis,
 Timoratus
 Et ornatus
 Sacris exercitiis;

God's Word my store,
 Whence virtue's lore
 Come like a shield well burnished !
 While by His fear,
 Alms, fasting, prayer,
 My soul's true gems be furnished !

47.

Constans, gravis
 Atque suavis,
 Benignus, amabilis,
 Simplex, purus
 Et maturus,
 Patiens et humilis ;

Be I grave, steady ;
 Be sweet, and ready
 To show all loving-kindness ;
 Be simple, pure,
 Resigned, mature,
 And humble e'en to blindnes.

48.

Corde prudens,
Ore studens
Veritatem dicere,
Malum nolens,
Deum colens
Pio semper opere.

48.

Be prudent-hearted,
My lips have parted
As truth alone demandeth ;
All evil shun,
The true path run,
By deeds which God command-
[eth.]

49.

Esto tutrix
Et adjutrix
Christiani populi ;
Pacem praesta,
Ne molesta
Nos perturbent faeculi.

49.

Do thou refist !
Do thou assist !
As Christian people need it ;
When, from the wear
Of earthly care,
We ask for peace, oh, speed it !

50.

Salutaris
Stella maris
Summis digna laudibus,
Quae praecellis
Cunctis stellis
Atque luminaribus.

50.

No tongue can raise
Too high thy praise,
O saving star of ocean !
Pale by thy light
Is planet bright,
Or meteor's brilliant motion.

Ave Maria.

DECAS VI.

DECade VI.

51.

Tua dulci
Prece fulci
Supplices, et refove ;
Quidquid gravat
Vel depravat
Mentes nostras, remove.

Cherish, sustain,
The suppliant train
In thy sweet prayer confiding !
Whatever pains,
Whatever stains,
Prevent in us abiding !

52.

Virgo gaude,
Quod de fraude
Daemonis nos liberas,
Dum in vera
Et sincera
Carne Deum generas.

Virgin, be glad,
Who from the bad
Arts of the Tempter freest ;
As from thine own
Blood, flesh, and bone,
Incarnate, God thou seest.

53.

Illibata
Et dotata
Coelesti progenie ;
Gravidata,
Nec fraudata
Flore pudicitiae.

Though Virgin bright,
Thou hast the right
Of richest claims maternal ;
Though Mother true,
To thee is due
The virgin's bloom eternal.

54.

Nam quod eras,
 Perseveras,
 Dum intacta generas,
 Illum tractans
 Atque lactans,
 Per quem facta fueras.

54.

Of what thou waſt
 Nought from thee paſſed,
 When Gabriel's tongue addreſſed
 O'er Him thou bendeſt, [thee;
 Him feedeſt, tendeſt,
 Who with thine own life bleſſed
 [thee.

55.

Commendare
 Me dignare
 Christo tuo Filio :
 Ut non cadam,
 Sed evadam
 De maudi naufragio.

55.

Commending, bear
 To Christ my prayer,
 Thy Son beloved so purely ;
 That, from the world
 In shipwreck whirled,
 I reach the shore ſecurely.

56.

Fac me mitem,
 Pelle litem,
 Compelce laſciviam.
 Contra crimen
 Da munimen
 Et mentis constantiam.

56.

Oh, make me mild
 And undefiled,
 Avoiding ſtrife and quarrel ;
 Conſtant and strong
 To do no wrong,
 Or yield to thought immoral.

57.

Non me liget,
 Nec fatiget
 Saeculi cupiditas ;
Quae indurat
 Et obscurat
 Mentes sibi subditas.

57.

That neither bound,
 Nor bowed and ground,
 I be by greed of riches ;
 Which hearts o'erthrown
 Turns quite to stone,
 Or blinding sore bewitches.

58.

Nunquam ira,
 Nunquam dira
 Me vincat elatio :
Quae multorum
 Fit malorum
 Frequenter occasio.

58.

Of vengeful ire,
 Deed, nor desire,
 Permitted be to enthrall us ;
 Nor proud disdain,
 Oft in whose train
 A host of evils follows.

59.

Ora Deum,
 Ut cor meum
 Sua servet gratia ;
 Ne antiquus
 Inimicus
 Seminet zizania

59.

Pray God to shield
 My foul's poor field,
 Nor graces weigh, nor number ;
 For th' ancient foe
 His tares will sow,
 If He, our Watchman, slumber.

60.

Da levamen	Oh, grant relief
Et juvamen	From toil and grief,
Tuum illis jugiter,	To all who perseveringly
Tua festa	Thy feasts observe,
Sive gesta	Thy deeds preserve
Qui colunt alacriter.	In memory's depths endearingly.

Ave Maria.

60.



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Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

MUSIC FOR THE HYMN.

(1 or 3 voices, ad libitum.)

1 & 2 SOPRANI.

ORGANO.

BASSO.

Allegretto. p

Sing, sing, each day, A tune - ful lay, My
soul, to Ma - ry's glo - ry: Her feasts em - ploy With
pi - ous joy To con her won - drous sto - ry.

H. E. C. W.

4 MY 59

